

# SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, DECEMBER 30, 1913.

## ECONOMY AND EFFICIENCY.

Judge Timothy E. Howard's review of what has been accomplished in four years for the betterment of the city by the retiring city administration is a remarkable testimonial to the efficiency and honesty of the members of the common council and the executive officers. And the best of it is that the Judge's statements are supported by the facts.

Summarized, the statement shows that South Bend is next to the lowest city in the state in the cost of operation per capita. Indianapolis, Evansville and Fort Wayne show a higher per capita cost, Terre Haute alone of all the large cities is lower. This spells honesty and superior economy of administration. It means that the affairs of the city have been conducted in a businesslike manner.

And it has not been a penurious or nonprogressive administration. What has been accomplished in physical betterments conclusively prove that while economy has been observed efficiency has not been crippled. Judge Howard points to five big things that have been done: The extension and improvement of parks and boulevards, the annexation of River Park and other territory, the reconstruction of the waterworks, giving the city abundant and reliable water service for all purposes, the saving of East Washington av. from threatened blockade and the extension of street railway facilities.

Many minor betterments, such as the public comfort station, which had its inception in the council, might be mentioned, but the list given is sufficient for the purpose of showing that South Bend has made wonderful strides during the past four years and has in all respects more than kept pace with other cities of its class, and yet the cost per capita has been lower than in most of them.

The record of the old should be an inspiration to the new administration and an example of the means by which public improvements may be made at a minimum of cost. It will be gratifying if the new administration can show equal or greater progress at a lower per capita cost, but no credit can be claimed for reducing this cost by depriving the city of what it needs.

There is only one kind of economy. Anything below it is discreditable and undesirable. South Bend should continue to go forward with economy.

## SENATOR SHIPLEY'S KEYNOTE SPEECH.

It is regrettable that every democrat in St. Joseph county, indeed, the 13th district, could not have heard Sen. B. E. Shipley, in his keynote address before the democratic convention Monday afternoon.

It was a splendid and comprehensive review of the democratic accomplishments at Washington during the past ten months—conceded the busiest ten months in American history for genuine constructive legislation.

No one who heard the senator can henceforth doubt—if there has been any doubt of the splendid qualities of our president, and his devotion to democratic principles.

Neither can there be any doubt as to the determination of the president and congress to keep every pledge made to the people during the last campaign.

If there is anything wrong with the democratic idea of the tariff, and of currency reform, experience is to have an opportunity to prove it and put it to sleep. We are to know before long whether or not it is really necessary for the American people to subsidize industry in order that they may be industrious, and whether or not the frenzied financiers of Wall st. must have their hands on all the money in the country in order that the masses may have prosperity.

Every thinking man must agree with the senator that those industries are the strongest that have learned to stand alone—the same as a child.

They must also agree with him that to reserve to the people of a community the benefit of their own savings, is more encouraging than for them to see it constantly slipping away to New York for indulgence in questionable speculation.

It is calculated that under the Glass currency bill it will never again be possible for Wall st. to corner the money market, and produce money panics at will, as has been done before.

The currency law is really a protecting arm thrown about the new tariff law. Unable to get control of the bank reserve, it will be more difficult for "big business" to tie up the smaller businesses, and bring havoc as a punishment for tariff reductions.

The senator's address was a splendid farewell to a well-finished old year, and year that the democratic party can always review with pride, and it was also an address full of hope for the future.

## THE PROGRESSIVE GOAL.

The goal of the progressive party is the presidency in 1916. To this end the congressional campaign committee

has made its plans and set its stage. "We cannot urge too strongly," says Chairman Hinebaugh in a letter to the state chairman, the importance of making a fight locally all along the line, not only with the thought and purpose of electing our candidates wherever possible in the immediate campaign, but for the further and greater purpose of filling up our organization with seasoned, disciplined veterans for the greater battle of 1916."

By inference we are given to understand that the party is chiefly composed of recruits while in the old republican party remain the veterans, seasoned and disciplined. Apparently the party would get back to old men and old methods without the old name.

Doubtless the need of such an organization as that which the republican party once had is keenly felt. To accomplish what it has laid out for itself the progressive party has a formidable task.

The country will be slow to make a change in either the legislative or executive branch of the government which might interfere with the present progressive policy and performance. What the democratic party is doing for the country is the only thing that will prevent an overturning.

## AN UNUSUAL PETITION.

A story in real life similar to those printed in the sensational papers and found among the best sellers at the bookstands comes from Chicago in a plea for the commutation of the sentence of Dr. Haldane Cleminson, convicted of wife murder and sentenced to Joliet for life.

The plea is based on evidence indicating the innocence of the prisoner and a pledge that if released he will go to the leper colony in the Philippines or elsewhere to "exercise his exceptional capabilities and medical knowledge in the service of his fellow beings."

Dr. Cleminson is under thirty years old. He ranked as one of the most skillful physicians in Chicago and had a brilliant future when arrested for the murder of his wife, who was found dead at their home four years ago. The purport of the new testimony is to establish an alibi and this in connection of the tender of his services in behalf of the lepers are hoped to have a favorable effect on the state board of pardons.

The character of Dr. Cleminson's pledge may be taken as a reflection of the true character of the man. It must require a nobility of purpose and strength of resolution to consign oneself to such a fate as that for which Dr. Cleminson would exchange his life in prison.

Conservation of mankind being the purpose of penal institutions, as understood in these later days, it would seem that the Illinois state board of pardons might favorably consider the unusual petition of Dr. Cleminson and give to society the benefit of an efficiency which otherwise, comparatively speaking, would be wasted.

That Frisco road is frisky. It out-guessed the telegraphers. The threatened strike was converted into a turn-out. Advanced methods of communication suddenly relegated the telegraph instruments to the scrap heap and the operators to idleness. The incident furnishes an instructive study.

Failure of crops and the fisheries have brought famine to two of the provinces of Japan. Thousands of persons are starving and the government is going to their relief with an appropriation. Japan's great evil is congestion.

Pres. Wilson followed his custom of attending church on Sunday and was awarded by hearing a good sermon as well as by the consciousness of having done the proper thing. Besides, the pastor was tickled to death.

It seems probable that government control of railway finance will be established in the near future. Even the railroad people see the present hit and miss policy cannot be followed much longer.

Under the proposed national newspaper law the circulation liar will find his occupation gone. There is little demand for the liar in any capacity nowadays.

The public will be slow to believe that the slaughter of the innocents in Calumet was the result of a plot from any source, much less that of the citizens of the town.

Calamity seems to have sweetened the bitterness in the hearts of all at Calumet except a few leaders who cannot afford to have peace.

What we have long suspected, Villa says Huerta must go to insure peace. But what has Villa to offer in the way of assurance.

Still, there is no resemblance between the president and Methuselah.

# STATESMEN REAL AND NEAR

BY FRED C. KELLY.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30.—About the most ideal shopper in Washington, from the point of view of the salesman is William J. Bryan. When Mr. Bryan sets out to buy anything he does not quibble about prices, but takes what is placed before him.

All the salesman has to do is pull out the best in the house and Mr. Bryan looks no farther.

The other day Mr. Bryan determined to buy himself some new shirts and a few other personal accoutrements. He stopped in at a haberdashery on the way home and told the clerk frankly that he had come with the intention of buying shirts.

The clerk showed him one variety. "Wrap up some of those," said Bryan, without a moment of hesitation.

Then he spoke of socks. The clerk pulled out a box of costly ones. Bryan bought them on the spot, without so much as a single question about quality or price.

That is the way the secretary of state goes shopping. He simply buys the first thing that is offered to him. Some day a salesman will take advantage of this trait and send Mr. Bryan a shirt with wide stripes in bright colors, such as Henry Cabot Lodge often wears, and it will be a mean trick.

John Skelton Williams, assistant secretary of the treasury, never walks except on fourth speed. He is a brisk person, and energetic, and especially so when proceeding afoot from one place to another. To see him going down the street one would immediately jump to the conclusion that he has only two minutes to catch a 2:45 train, or that he is trying to overtake some one a block and a half ahead without actually running. Sometimes he reads a newspaper as he walks along the street, but he goes just as rapidly even then. How the man keeps from running into and killing innocent persons is a bit of a mystery.

Rep. Kenneth D. McKellar of Tennessee is endeavoring to find out whether the hen or the cold storage warehouse is responsible for the great number of unpalatable though high-priced eggs on the market. In gathering information in connection with his bill to regulate the cold storage business, McKellar has made trips to several different states and has talked to everybody he could find who might shed light on the egg puzzle. One cold storage man said to him:

"I'll bet you that except for the cold storage warehouses your wife would pay almost twice as much for eggs during the season of scarcity than eggs are costing now."

"All right, I'll bet you," proposed McKellar.

"But how are you going to prove it?" asked the warehouse man.

"I can give you information that will convince you absolutely that you're wrong," declared McKellar.

"Very well," said the other man. "It is understood then that you're to prove to me that your wife would pay no more for eggs now if there were no cold storage eggs."

"I can prove you're wrong very quickly," asserted McKellar, after they had laid a small wager. "I haven't any wife!"

The fact that McKellar is a bachelor and not up against the problem of obtaining costly fresh eggs for his shoe, really shows a man of high magnanimity toward people. Here is another story which, though eggleless, indicates that the man has human impulses.

When McKellar went to Memphis as a young lawyer, to break into the legal profession in that town, he fell in with a chap named Metcalf, who took a fancy to him and helped him. He obtained his first office connection through Metcalf's assistance.

Well, the years rolled around, placing McKellar in congress and filling the man Metcalf with a great desire to be postmaster at Memphis. Naturally McKellar sent in his name for appointment. But both of the Tennessee senators, on the ground of political expediency, were opposed to Metcalf, and told McKellar he must name some other friend, or else they would pick a postmaster of their own choosing.

"But I can't do it," said McKellar, "this man was the first person in the town to befriend me, just at a time when I needed help most, and he wants the job. I want him to have it, and I can't name anybody else, even if they never get a postmaster."

McKellar used to raise chickens and eggs for the market when he was a youngster. That was some 20 years ago when fresh eggs were still within the means of those who worked for a living. Not infrequently he sold eggs to the dealers for as little as five cents a dozen. That sticks in his head—the prices he used to get as compared with the prices that prevail now.

However, there are advantages in being known as the man after the egg trust. The other day McKellar went into a Washington restaurant and ordered a frugal breakfast, including two soft-boiled eggs. The head waiter recognized him and McKellar heard him whisper to one of his assistants:

"That fellow there's McKellar. Give him those two fresh eggs I was saving."

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## THE OLD RUBBER-NECK!



She—I saw your friend, Mr. Smith, several times last summer, and every time I met him I happened to be in my bathing suit.

He—Yes, he told me he had seen a good deal of you.

# THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

DANCING, says Mile. de Saint Point, founder of Metachore, the new physical interpretation of music, must soon cease to be instinctive, intensive and sensual and become more limited, like painting and music. "Metachore," she continues, "is not the slave of music, but its equal, the same idea suggesting both."

MLLE. DE SAINT POINT keeps her face veiled while performing her dances and explains it by saying that all parts of the body where the flesh preponderates over the muscle should be veiled, as such preponderance breaks the line of movement by its multiple aspiration.

WE seem to get you mademoiselle. The interpretation comes from the long sinuous movement of muscles rather than from the jelly-like wobble of superfluous fat. And yet there are muscle dances that are neither painting nor music.

## Innovations In Resolutions.

Ed. M. P.: However sadly in my secret heart I lament the loss of the deficiencies, yet being reasonably at peace with conscience as to my habits and my private and public deportment for 1913, I am not going to swear off anything for 1914.

But I do promise to faithfully keep a grate fire and the house otherwise comfortable, if the rigors of winter and the price of coal do not balk the intention; that I will at least muster a smile for the very old and the very young; that I will not wantonly offend one of God's creatures; that I will resist any tendency to snobbery or patronizing—if I catch myself at it; that I will wear my old coat and hat until my subscriptions are paid; that I will try to be duly grateful for friends and make use of life's daily opportunities; that I will swat the flies when it is again open season for them, and will occasionally send in something for the M. P. so that the skimmer may not be wholly inactive.

HERE'S a seat right next to "S," waiting for some repentant sinner.

WHEN Pres. Wilson smiled at the preacher's remark that Methuselah didn't know enough to come in out of the wet he was probably thinking of the rainy fall of 1912.

## You Can't Make a Mistake.

Sir: Owing to the importance of the Ona B. Talbot subscribed concerts, in the state of Indiana, the management is asking you to kindly give us the name on an enclosed card, of some one in your city interested in the development of culture.

ONA TALBOT ENTERPRISES.

C. N. F.

## SECOND YEAR OF MARRIED LIFE.

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Helen was sitting out in the yard under the trees, sewing on a little white dress for Winifred. It was the second week of her convalescence. The color had returned to her cheeks and she was rapidly gaining strength. Winifred lay on a rug at her feet, playing with a large Maltese cat, that stretched itself lazily on the grass, and submitted, with lofty indifference to her caresses.

Through the opening sitting room window came the hum of a sewing machine. For the last few days, Mrs. Baker, the village dressmaker, had been sewing there.

Helen had sent to St. Louis for samples of dimities and lawns and had ordered enough to make several dainty dresses for both herself and Winifred. And now Mrs. Baker and Mother and Aunt Mollie were all helping to make them.

They were glad that she should have this interest and diversion during the tedious of her convalescence. But to Helen it meant far more than that. She was planning to go back to Warren with some pretty fresh summer dresses to make herself and Winifred as dainty and attractive as she could.

## A Second Honeymoon.

"And we are to begin over again—His last words still sung in her heart. She wanted to make of her return something of a second honeymoon, and happier and more beautiful than the first."

She was planning countless little ways by which she would make her love her more. She would never let him see her carefully dressed again. Every morning she would put on a dainty gown and every evening dress for dinner more carefully than she ever had before.

And she would try not to show her love quite so much. She would be more reserved, more elusive. She would make him seek her caresses. She would not give them unasked, and perhaps he would value them more.

Helen pondered much over the long talk she had had with her father, just after Warren left. She realized the value of his advice, even that part which had hurt her most. "From what I have seen of Warren, Judge Jones is a man who would become satiated with a love too freely given. I know all the tenderness of your nature and how you crave for affection. But, Helen, I believe you would receive more from Warren if you gave him less."

And now, she was going to give him less. Not that she would be so apparently cold that he would dislike her purpose. But she would be delicately, shyly elusive. She would make him feel that, now having been away from him so long, she could not help but be a little different, that absence had made him something of a stranger, and that only by his love could he win her anew.

The soft color deepened in her face as she planned and dreamed all the possibilities of happiness their reunion would bring.

She remembered vividly a novel she had once read, in which a woman had always held her husband a lover by her very aloofness, by a reserve and mystery with which she surrounded herself. And feel that he had never quite won her, he remained ever an ardent lover.

The Secret of Possession. It is the lack of pursuit, the feeling of assured possession, of nothing more to attain, that brings satiety in married life.

While Helen had vaguely realized this, blinded by her own deep, unwavering love, she had tried to believe that Warren's love would be as unfaltering.

This is the greatest injustice of sex, that, once having won a woman's love the man can afford to be himself—but the woman never can. Upon her rests always the anxiety of keeping his love. She can never quite afford to be "just herself". Part of her nature she must withhold and part of it she must dissemble.

"Helen, can you come in now and try this one." Her mother called to her from the porch.

It was a dainty blue and white dimity house gown and, as Helen tried it on before the mirror, she was happily conscious that it made her look very young and girlish. Her illness seemed only to have accentuated the delicacy of her femininity, which was always her greatest charm.

Mrs. Baker was critically adjusting the sleeve. "I think there's a little too much fullness here at this under arm seam. Don't you?"

Helen nodded absently. Her mind was not on the under arm seam. She was wondering if Warren—when he saw her in this—would realize that she was still young and girlish. The very simplicity of the gown recalled some of the youthful dresses of her girlhood—when he first met and loved her. She remembered once, when he was walking beside her, he had reverently touched the folds of her dress. "Such fine dainty stuff—it looks just like you—"

And her heart beat wildly, as she had felt his longing to take her in his arms, and her own to lie there. Could she ever make him feel for her again—what he had felt then?

"Now, this side of the skirt is just the right length—don't it? Shall I make the other side by this?"

Would Warren Notice? Again Helen nodded. Would he notice how slight and graceful she looked in this? And how the pale blue brought out the glint of gold in her hair?

"Now that's all," Mrs. Baker unpinned the collar. "You can take it off."

As Helen slipped out of the dress, she caught a fleeting glimpse in the mirror of her bare white arm and neck. Oh, if he could only see her as she looked now!

She went back to her sewing under the trees and to dream on through the long golden afternoon—dreams that were always of Warren and of all their reunion might mean.

WHEN HELLER SAYS IT'S OAK, IT'S OAK

Your clear doesn't draw well, may be it's got a button in it. "A button? How would a button get in it?" "Oh, off the wrapper, I suppose."

## —at Wilhelm's

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